

Crichton's Way

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Category: Farscape

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-20 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-20 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:43:46

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,181

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Aeryn's musings about the "grave misfortune" that the PeaceKeeper captain's uniform didn't fit her, in light of Crichton's actions after the intellant virus was brought aboard Moya.

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Author's note: Aeryn's musings on how she may have been wrong about the "grave misfortune" that the PeaceKeeper captain's uniform didn't fit her, in light of Crichton's actions after the intellant virus was brought aboard Moya. Spoilers for "A Bug's Life," "Nerve," "Family Ties," and "Mind the Baby." This rambles a bit, but most people "even PeaceKeepers" ramble in their mind. Disclaimer: Let me say again that John and Co. are products of the very talented groups from Jim Henson Entertainment and the Sci Fi Channel. I love playing with their toys and I promise to always put them back where I found them, not too much the worse for wear. As ever, thanks Kelly!

I owe Crichton an apology - a big one. He would have made a good PeaceKeeper officer| a very good one. Well| maybe not a commando| but definitely Tech or Regular Army.

I can't believe that I actually ignored his very first command in front of Larraq. Whether or not I respected the man inside, I should have obeyed the uniform instinctively. Who knows, maybe that one little slip precipitated everything. Probably not, but one never knows.

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I was on duty in Command when Pilot first saw the Marauder on Moya's scans. We both knew that once the Marauder discovered us, we would have little chance of escaping without a fight. We called everyone up to Command to break the news.

I really should have had a basic plan ready by the time they got thereâ€¦ it was my duty. But I guess I have grown used to sharing the responsibility of planning. That is a poor excuse for nearly getting everyone killed, but it is the only one I can offer.

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D'Argo and I both bring a warrior's logic to every situation. But because he is not a warrior, John looks for alternatives. Since we first met, I have noticed that John will go out of his way to find a non-violent solution to any threatening circumstance.

We've â€" all of us â€" denigrated those efforts in the pastâ€¦ belittling himâ€¦ passing judgement on "Crichton's way" without pausing five microts to consider that his 'way' might be the best solution available. We think, "Oh, it's Crichton's ideaâ€¦ it can't possibly work," even though time and again his efforts have proved us wrong.

He has also proved that, if necessary, he can be as ruthless as D'Argo or I; but given the opportunity to develop a peaceful solution to a possibly hostile situation, he will go for the peaceful option every time. And I am coming around to the belief that that is not necessarily a bad thing.

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Crichton was the first one to notice the cesium trail streaming out behind the Marauder and it was his idea to let the commandos come aboard. He never meant for them to be on board for more than the few arns it would take to repair the Marauder and he \_certainly\_ didn't mean for Larraq's crew to roam freely all over Moya â€" armed. I am still not sure how \_that\_ happened. Looking back now at it, it was quite an ingenious plan actually, and it had all the hallmarks of a successful military campaign. If onlyâ€¦

But Larraq must have noticed my hesitationâ€¦ and it went downhill from there. So maybe everything that happened afterwards was my own frelling fault.

Noâ€¦ that can't be true either. The fault must lie elsewhere. If that Hynerian slug and that Nebari trellk hadn't conspired to "procure" that thing in the crate, nothing would have happened. Well, nothing life-threatening anyway. When they released the intellant virus, it became a no-win situation for everyone.

Through it all, John was unrelenting. Even as we scorned his efforts, he continued to act the part of PeaceKeeper captain, especially after he realized that hope for a peaceful resolution was shattered. He kept playing his part and pushed us to play ours. He didn't even drop the Sebacean accent until after he'd been infected and then rejected by the virus.

When I woke from Zhaan's "surgery" John was there. I vaguely remember waking once or twice and seeing him sitting thereâ€¦ perfectly stillâ€¦ perfectly abject â€" if the look on his face truly indicated how he felt.

No one is as hard on John as John is on himself... especially when one of us is injured. For some reason, he always seems to blame himself; he also seems to think that we blame him. Maybe at first we did blame him, but I think nowâ€¦ after everything he's doneâ€¦ we really should "cut him some slack", as he would say. This is not his worldâ€¦ possibly not even his universe. At least, even out here in the Uncharted Territories, the rest of us have some frame of reference to guide our actions. Everything here is so new to him.

He was quick enough to pry out of me that there was a way to repair my damaged parapheral nerve though. John refused to allow me to die, as I thought I wanted. Now that I've had a chance to think back on it, I don't believe I really wanted to die. In my heart of hearts I knewâ€¦ and I believe, secretly hopedâ€¦ he would react like that and that he would find a way. That he would infiltrate a top secret PeaceKeeper base just in the hopes of finding a tissue match for me was beyond the call of dutyâ€¦ beyond mere friendship. It had to be because he cares for me. A very humbling thought.

What he endured to secure that tissue sampleâ€¦

I'd never seen the Aurora Chair before, but I had heard about it. I had heard what it didâ€¦ doesâ€¦ to its victims. Most die. Many become pitiful, mindless wrecks. Only a few manage to survive; although I have heard claims that even those who successfully resist often experience significant residual traumatic effects.

He hasn't said much yet â€" at least not to me â€" but even I can see the remnants of horror in his eyesâ€¦ in the way his shoulders tense at certain sounds. I have heard him cry out in his sleepâ€¦ have secretly watched him as he sat huddled in his quarters, lost in the memories of his torture. But I hope that the trauma is passing; lately he seems more like his usual self. I suppose only time will tell.

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It is wonderful to be cradled in his arms. Sitting here, at the base of Pilot's station, I feel John's strength and warmthâ€¦ his loveâ€¦ encircling me. Even in the midst of all our present difficulties, I feel a peace I haven't experienced in cycles. The contentment he spreads around me like a cloak isâ€¦ intoxicating.

That is what John does.

It is his way.

Crichton's way.

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THE END

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End
file.